

## HOME RUN HAGGERTY

MAKES HIS DEBUT IN THE BLUE GRASS LEAGUE AND DISPOSES OF A RIVAL

By George William Daley

JUST to show how keen a baseball audience is to detect a counterfeit, and how quick they recognize the real goods when they see it, I'll have to tell you a story.

"Before I went to the famous Corn-droppers' league and the Alifais I got an offer one season from the Sour-mash team in the Blue Grass league down in Kentucky. It seems they had heard of the heavy hitter with the lead



They put me in a cell.

ended bat and they were crazy to have me there and win the championship for them, so they raised a magnificent salary and wired me. I didn't make any secret of where I was going, and on the train for Sour-mash I met a lot of people who played cards with me and took such good care of the great ball player that when we got a hundred miles or so of my destination I hardly knew a Pullman coach from a car float. And right there a guy that I knew was a ball player from his hand got aboard. He sort of jumped when he heard I was Home Run Haggerty, as they all do, but I thought nothing of it. With a schemin' eye, I can see it now, though I didn't see it then, he studied me up, and pumped me dry of facts and filled me full of whisky, and when I came to I was in a freight car on the Chesapeake & Ohio thumping the rails for the Atlantic seaboard, and Sour-mash and the Blue Grass league were far astern.

"That was an awakin'! All my baggage gone, including the famous bat and the old mitt, only about forty cents in my clothes, and the splitting headache and raggedness, 'thirst you ever saw, and my clothes! If I'd wallowed in the soft coal in the tender I couldn't have been dirtier. There was also a whole lot of whiskers on my face I don't look like with a beard."

"Well, I dropped off the first time the train slowed up and found myself in a little place in eastern Kentucky where passengers by train stop once a day and the freight train west have a down grade and just sail by. I got a drink of water and made up my mind to get back to Sour-mash as quick as I could and save my job. Luckily a west-bound coal train had a hot box right there an hour or so later, and I climbed into the cab, and in half an hour more I was firing her up so she was poppin' steam an' climb-in' like a cat, an' the engineer was tellin' his own fireman that he (the fireman) was a four flusher."

"Well, two days later we struck Sour-mash, and the engineer and fireman gave me good luck and I inquired for the ball ground. It was just behind that it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the day the Sour-mash season opened. I had lost a week of preliminary practice through my unfortunate adventures, and the ball game was ending. The town was deserted, but I found the grounds and asked for the manager."

"What'll I tell 'im?" says the guy in the ticket office, lookin' kind of greasy and at my railroad jumper an' greasy hands and coal dusted face.

"Tell him Haggerty wants to see him," says I. "The fellow, Haggerty, the famous heavy hitter from up Michigan way."

"Did you ever tell somebody something that you expected to make a tremendous impression an' have him give you the laugh, and a nasty, spiteful laugh at that? If you ain't you don't know the feelin' that ragged tumultuously in my heart when that fellow says this:

"Ho! ho! Git out o' here, you big righthander. You can't deadhead into these grounds 'cause the strength of my name. We got the real Haggerty in here; you're about a week late."

"I reached my hand through the opening where the money goes in an' grabbed him by the neck, intending to throttle him first and spit that sarcastic smile afterwards. He squirmed away though and rushed out into the grounds by the back door, shoutin' 'Police! Help! A crazy man here thinks he's Home Run Haggerty and wants to kill me!'"

"He bawled loud three or four cops came and in a minute I was handcuffed. Wasn't I mad! I kept asking for the manager and sayin' I'd have 'em all broke, and maybe I did act a little crazy. And then as I was led past the wide open gate to the grounds I saw something inside that made me understand it all.

"There at the home plate, with 'Sour-mash' on his shirt front, and my lead ended bat in his hand, was the ball player that had piled me with booze on the train coming down to Kentucky. That was what the guy meant when he thought I was crazy, and to thank they had the real Haggerty. I could see it now. He had my baggage; he had put me on the eastbound freight and joped me so I couldn't come to in a hurry; with his smile front he was imposin' on the confiding townspeople as the original Home Run Haggerty and what was more, he was gettin' away with the goods. And I was bel'n' led to a cell. If ever my heart sank it was then."

I stand I heard the thud of a ball into a mitt and a groan. As I tipped a board off the fence I heard another thud and a deeper groan. As I crept through into the Sour-mash club's dressing room, under the stand I heard a fairly despairin' groan deeper than all the rest, and I knew somebody had struck out with men on bases and the home team needin' runs. Then I heard:

"That's the third time he's done that. I don't think he'll stay. That Haggerty's a bum hitter. Where's he get his big name from? They must be punkins up where he comes from. He ain't hit the ball all day."

"Say, I could a hugged myself, I peaked through at the score board. The boy was just hangin' up a big 'O' for the Sour-mashes, and a lot of disconsolate guys was walkin' out into the field. Sour-mash was three runs behind. The fake Haggerty had struck out with three on base."

"I don't know what made me do it, but I saw a uniform and shoes and a basin of water there, and as quick as I could I washed up and dressed. The visitin' team went out in a hurry, and so did Sour-mash. Then the visitors came in for the first half of the ninth, and got shut out again. The home team came up for its last time at bat, and two men fanned out in a hurry. The crowd began to pile out, callin' everybody lobster, when a Sou-mash man was hit by a ball. The next batter got a scratch hit, and a third took four balls. The bags were full again and Haggerty was to bat."

"I turned and dashed for the entrance to the dressing room. As I went through I came face to face with my ringer, the phony Haggerty. Like all quitters, he thought there was no chance to win and was hurrying in to dress. When he saw me he jumped



I met it with a crash that rocked the grand stand.

right up into the air and his eyes bulged out, and I had just time to hand him a stiff punch as I hurried down past the side of the grandstand and onto the ball ground."

"Haggerty to bat! Haggerty! Where's Haggerty?" bawled the manager. I grabbed up the lead-ended bat and gave him a look that made him stagger back.

"The crazy man!" says he, fairly gasping in his fright.

## How Cancer Experts Differ

(Baltimore Sun.)

Baltimore physicians agree with those of New York in declaring that cancer is more to be feared by the human race than is phthisis, owing to the fact that its nature is less understood by the medical fraternity than is consumption; but Baltimore doctors of prominence differ as to the disease being incurable, as was claimed by Dr. Roswell Park of Buffalo, now in Berlin, and a number of prominent New York physicians, according to a dispatch from New York, published in the Sun yesterday.

A number of physicians seen yesterday declined to allow themselves to be quoted. A few did, however, permit themselves to be questioned, and the replies were all contradictory of the New York opinion as regards the prevalence of the disease and the difficulty which is met with in treating it successfully. Opinions, however, differed widely as to the possibility of permanently curing it.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the well-known surgeon of the Johns Hopkins hospital, declared that the disease can be permanently and effectually cured in the case of cancers of the skin by the application of the X-ray, and also in the case of the other forms of the disease when taken in time, by the radical use of the knife, care being particularly directed to operating over a sufficient area when removing the obnoxious growth.

"Cancer and tuberculosis," said Dr. Kelly, "are the two dreadful maladies which today more than any other diseases menace humanity. Cancer is very prevalent, and has been increasing rapidly in the past generation. It cannot be said, however, that no advance has been made in the study of the disease, for a very important advance has been made in the case of skin cancer by the use of the X-ray, which completely and finally destroys this form of the disease."

"For the other forms the only remedy is the timely and radical use of the knife. The disease is local at the outset and can be permanently and radically cured by the timely use of surgery. It only becomes a blood disease when neglected and in the later stages. The reason why surgery is so often unsuccessful is that all surgeons have not recognized the importance of making the operation sufficiently radical. If the operation is well done and covers a proper area the vast majority of cases should be curable in the earlier stages."

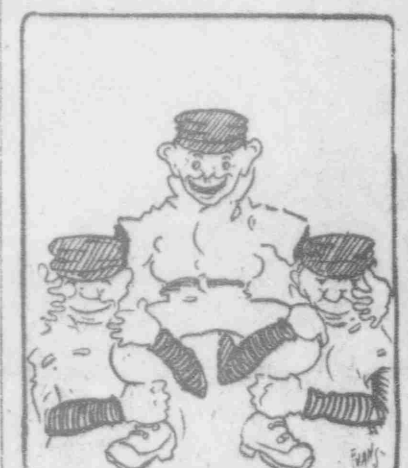
"The disease is an overgrowth of the cells of the body in a disorderly way—a disorderly overgrowth of the tissues, which runs riot without any restraint and destroys life largely in a mechanical way, by blocking the channels of the body, as well as through absorption by the blood of the poison from the breaking-down cancer cells. The commonest forms are cancer of the breast, stomach and womb. Men have the disease in the mouth and the intestinal tract, the former sometimes from smoking."

"Please say this for me," continued Dr. Kelly: "The public at large have no moral right to expect us to discover a cure for cancer; they apply the knowledge we already have by which we can perfectly cure tuberculosis. An efficient board of health, with men like Dr. Postley and Dr. Fulton at the head of it, with a proper number of aldermen and the passage of sanitary laws for the inspection, cleansing and disinfecting of infected houses, with clean houses, clean methods of housekeeping,

"I ain't!" says I in a low but very emphatic voice. "I'm Home Run Haggerty, and I'm goin' to bat here. If you say a word in the next five minutes I'll bring your neck, and with that I hurried to the plate. He stood speechless. I saw I had nothin' to fear from him. I knew I'd have the crowd in just one minute."

"Excited as I was, my reasoning power was working."

"Hag," says I to myself, "go easy. You're so hot now that if you hit that



They carried me off the field on their shoulders.

ball as hard as you really can it'll break in two an' cause more complications, or you'll kill a feller or knock down one of them houses beyond the left field fence. Go easy."

"So I let a ball go by to calm down and get set. The visitin' nine thought I'd been substituted for the Haggerty that had struck out three times, and that I was some green, weak hitting utility man, and they licked their chops. Their pitcher drove up a swift straight one followin' the out curve I'd let pass, and I met it square with a crash that rocked the grand stand."

"People with strong eyesight who sat far back in the right field bleachers told me afterward that they followed the track of 'that sailin' ball' for six minutes after I had hit the home plate, with three runs ahead of me and the game in our pockets, of course. It sure was a mighty clout. The ball did well to stand."

"The ringer Haggerty saw that swipe with his lamps glued to the knothole where I'd been before, and he gave a shriek and ran for it around without stoppin' to change his clothes. After they'd heard my story they got after him with a hail of hot tar and some feathers and a fence rail, but he had too big a start. I was carried around the field on the shoulders of that crowd that I had so suddenly snatched from gloom to joy, and I got a banquet and a lot of advance money that night. They never had cause to regret getting me, and they forgave themselves for lettin' the other guy fool them as long as he did."

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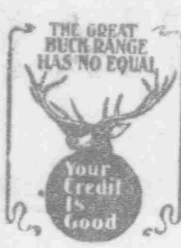
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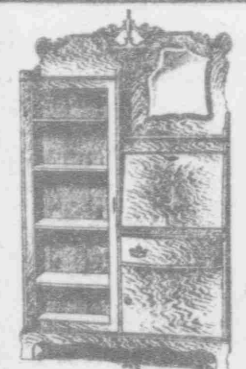
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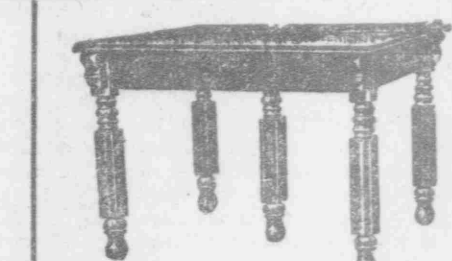
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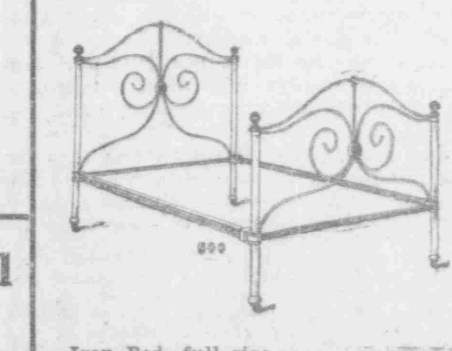
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